



*Since an untutor'd Belial, does invade
 Our manners, rights, positions; has soe made
 A barbarous Medly, blending right wth wronge,
 Nick-naming Vice for Virtue, Poysons Stronge
 For precious Amulets; and each one now
 Playes the deafe Adder, stiffer is to bow
 Then any iron sinew; since in Vaine
 Are all instructions, leaking out againe
 As fast as fil'd: 'tis appolite, that these
 Ensweing, should be call'd the Belides.*





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THE BELIDES

ELEGIE or EULOGIE

Of that truly Honourable

I O H N

• LORD *Harrington*, Baron of *Exton*,
who was elated hence the 27th of
Febr. 1613. wanting then two
Moneths of 22. years old.

By G.T.

Mal fait , qui ne par fait.

LONDON, Printed by *W. Godbid.*

1659.

THE

BELLIDG

RECEIVED

JOHN

John Bellidg

John Bellidg

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John Bellidg

John Bellidg

John Bellidg

John Bellidg



TO

The Right Honourable

My very good LORD,

WILLIAM

EARL of SALISBURY

One of the LORDS of His Majesties

most Honourable Privy Council,

and Knight of the most Noble Order

of the GARTER.



Either (Right Honourable) are these born out of time; for (as Solomon says) *The memory of the just is blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot:* and here is this Scripture verified in your eyes. Here are good men celebrated, their virtues poured

The Epistle Dedicatory.

out to participation; or, if this indeed has been no first, let it have acceptance yet as the latter rain: for so to pious remonstrances, there appertains inculcation; and the *Pentateuch* of *Moses*, has, after an *Exodus*, a *Deuteronomium*, a *Lex repetita*. These, I say, issue not unseasonably; for thus have I found a way to correct and redeem some scattered imperfect Copies, and clear my debt towards him, with whom I was long conversant, at the same *Hearth*, the same *Boord*, and in the same *Bed*. Thus a meanes of acknowledging my dependency, with your Lordships manifold extraordinary Favours: and thus by reprehending some others, have I (for the time to come) laid a forcible tie upon my

The Epistle Dedicatory.

my owne behaviour. After which
account given for the Publishing,
and Dedication, I rest,

Your Lordships most

humble Servant

GEORGE TOOKE.

The Epistle Dedicatorie
my own devotion. After which
account given to the Parliament
and I, the said, I left

George Town



The BELIDES
OR
EULOGIE and ELEGIE
Of that truly Honorable
JOHN LORD HARRINGTON,
Baron of EXTON.



O, Reader, as thou sometime do'st behold
Sol like a (a) *Besant* of the brightest gold,
Upon an Easter-morn himself advancing,
And with a sacred joy affected, dancing
O're Forest tops, and on the brows of Hills;
So rose this LORD. And as the Sun fulfills
(Like a girt Giant) his appointed race;
So with an able undiverted pace,
Perform'd his Pilgrimage: No dull delays
Could slack his sayl, and bring him on the stays;
No rubs of either envy, hate, or fear,
Could check his speed; but with a full carriere
He still bore up, and now enjoys the prize,
That wipes away all sorrows from all eyes.

He did not, after the familiar fashion,
Present his GOD some withered lean oblation
Of sixty Winters; offer'd him no lame,
No sick, no motly sacrifice: But came
With his first-born, his Youth; and then with Arts,
Wealth, Honour, all his powers, all his parts,

B

Devoting

a) An ancient gold
Coin, stamped
first at *Byzantium*:
the Kings
of England
offer these
of fifteen
pounds—
value at
great Fe-
stivals.
Cand. Rem.
168.

The Belides.

A Lake in
Armenia.

Devoting them ; and hallow'd every day ,
 Made it a pious Altar. O ! but say ,
 Thou fair exemplar ; tell me , happy soul ,
 How couldst thou so like oyl , unblended roul
 Among our terrene puddles ? How converse
 With manners so corrupt , and daily worse ,
 Yet unpolluted ? (thus they say the cleer ,
 The light-foot *Tigris* also runs entire
 Through *Aretissa* , like a silver wand
 Dimidiats it , without or being found
 To mingle fish or water) Speak , O speak !
 Did not the world resist , the flesh turn weak ?
 Did it not buffet thee with youthful heat ?
 What met'st thou with at Court ? no leprous teat ?
 In City likewise many a rotten flye
 Can even the richest oyntment putrifie .
 Or wert thou ne're convey'd , thou happy spirit ,
 Up to the Pinnacle of thine own merit ,
 And tempted there ? But *hell* is still confin'd
 Where *heaven* approves , & smoak it rain , blow wind ,
 Let flouds conspire , yet the regenerate dwells
 Upon a Rock , that all their spleen repells .
 As an embow'd , a learned arch , when prest
 With greatest weight , unites his curious crest ,
 Rending a firmer strength : so gives temptation
 An edge to zeal ; not other operation
 Had in this cautious Lord then sacred rage ,
 And zeal no doubt redoubled. ———

Hapless age !

How hast thou here thy noblest jewels lost ,
 And such a confluence of Arts , as cost
 Innumeros oyl : they joyntly met of old ,

In

The Belides.

3

In that (a) *Pandora*, which the Poets hold
 So Paragon a peece, were congregate
 After in (b) *Pyrrhus* ring; and now of late
 By *Harrington's* pursuit, as resident
 Also with him. But nothing could prevent
 The peremptory blow. Disastrous time,
 And of a ruthless hand! how is our prime
 Exemplar taken from us? Turn, ô turn
 Thy fatal sicke upon the cumbrous fern,
 The barren heath: let (c) *Adon's* thistle thus
 Be rather mow'n, or else to *Caucasus*
 Among the veneficious herbs: remove
 Thy furious brand ———

a) *Quasi
 omnium
 rerum ge-
 n' re dota-
 ta.*
 b) The nine
 Muses were
 express in
 the stone
 of it.

c) The wife
 of *Zethus*,
 turned into
 a Thistle,
 or
 Thistle-
 Finch.

He was our dearest love,

The general dearling, such a Lord as shone
 Not barely with exterior precious stone,
 With Diamonds and Sapphires: these, alas!
 Of the most caracts are but curious glass;
 Nor do their bragging sparkles serve to read
 The darksome night away, nor in it thread
Vigiliae thrifty needle: No, be gon
 Ye casual *Do-littles*, our *Harrington*
 Wisely deflecting every sandy, loose
 And feasible foundation, built his house
 Upon the stable rock, out-shone as far
 Each Pharisaick pale competitor
 As *Titan* does the poor *Arctophylax*;
 Was so sincere, even of so little wax
 Among his honey, we may safely gather,
 Had but his sacred thread of life been rather
 Drawn out at length, extended rather been
 To holy *David's* threescore years and ten,

The Belides.

That what with zealous presidents held out
And principles instill'd, it might have wrought
Us high to heaven-ward : might have fainted both
The Court and Royal palace from the froth

white-ball.

Of titulary White, to white indeed ;
To so distributive, even such a spread
Religious lustre, that the City hence
Accended also, had, in reference
To her conspicuous properties, been writ
With *London Lampjacobus*. But nothing might
Defer his heavy knell —

A City in
Bithynia,
so named
in splendo-
re.

Forsaken age,

What circumstance of grief, or surplusage,
Importunate enough for such an urn,
So vastly deprecated? Dost thou mourn
When foolish *Tulips* dye, and such as strive
Like Beeches, but of skin and leaf to thrive?
Such as examin'd, yield but mast, for *Swine*
And *Squirrels* onely fit? Dost thou confine
Thy self to black, and oft, I say, for these?
How mayst thou then with floods of tears, nay seas,
Bewayl this loss? How justly mayst thou call,
Thy several creatures, and enjoyn them all,
Immeasur'd lamentation; Bid the night
Extend her length, the day not come in sight,
But water-loaden; Hang each Dorick Bell
With numerous tongues, and a continued knell
On every tongue; Command the beasts to roare,
And each sad noyse be multiply'd a score
By the near echo's; For his death, I say,
As it decryes, and does so much decay
The general bliss; 'tis fitting to revive

Old

The Belides.

5

Old *Hadadrimmons* woe, or rather grieve
 Beyond a president. Why, we may read
 That ten of these, * ten righteous might have freed * *Gen. 18.*
 A very *Sodom*; when if taken hence,
 Nor standing in the gap, what consequence
 But sickness fretting out our strength, or dearth,
 From *Epha's Homers*, but an Iron earth?
 And God has also store of *Palmer-worms*,
 And clouds of *Locusts*. Or else forrain arms,
 Shall ravage us, heaven rally with our toes,
 Making their barbed horses at a lose
 As swift as *Eagles*. Nay, (to pass by these,)
 Th' elect are even those (a) *Cariatides*,
 And vigorous (b) *Telamons*, that shoulder up
 The frame of time, and their conspicuous troupe:
 Their general list once ready for the barn,
 Time is no longer, therefore mourn, ô mourn,
 Thou desolated age; and now behold,
 Me thinks I see a cloud of sorrow rol'd
 Like a beslobber'd Turbant round about
 Thy passionate brow; and now it gushes out
 Innumerable tears.

a) Images
 of women
 used for
 supporters
 in build-
 ings.
 b) The like
 images of
 Men.

Yet herewithal reflect
 And lay thy grief so right, that it detract
 Not ought from *Harrington*, or seem decreed
 For what becomes of Him: 'Tis true indeed,
 That death is to the course, the carnal man,
 A dismal vision, ireful, cold, and wan;
 A ghastly shape in chains of darkness tide,
 And hung with poysonous damps: but was a bride,
 A morning-star to him; and came as drest
 With precious sequels as the gladsome fast

The Belides.

Of conscience argue might. The worldling cries,
 O! whither am I summon'd? why, these eyes
 And all the Ports about me rotting up,
 Must now be loathsome jelley, stench, and roap
 With putrid worms; nay, since the charnel-house
 Cryes Give and still for more, some *Flindermouse*,

a) The
 Weesel.

Or base (a) *Galanthis*, or the rats may reign
 At length within this scull. And then again,
 My dearest soul, what shall become of thee?
 And whither must thou now distracted be
 To frivolous atoms, and so "lost" among
 The wandering winds? or shuffled else ere long
 Into some beast of burthen, or of prey?
 Some drugging *Asse*, or cruel *Tiger*? nay,
 (Still frightening more) our Papalins will tell

b) Of old
Hecla.

c) Hereto-
 fore *Atna*.

d) A Flye
 bred and
 living in
 the fire.

Of sulphurous (b) *Heclesfort*, of (c) *Mongibell*,
 And other such, where many a peccant soul
 (d) *Pyrausta* like, does flutter, fly, and crawl,
 And frie in rigorous fire; or yielding these
 Even all exploded, hell it self will seise
 And justly swallow thee. Woe worth the day

In which I was conceiv'd! Lo; thus, I say,
 The carnal man ends like a butcher'd swine,
 And full of noyse; when faith is so divine,
 So clungly anchor holds, and fastens hope,
 As even Addulces Death with all his troope,
 His Regiment of terrores. Sin alone
 Gives him a Dart, a Sting, else has he none:
 By Sin is Death arm'd like a Judge severe,
 With rods and axes; else that welcome were,
 As when the loaden sky with moysture fills
 An upland meadow: 'Tis not Death that kills,

But

The Belides.

7

But deadly Sin. A Saint may like a Swan
Sing out his last breath; the regenerate man,
Even in a Lions teeth, departs in peace.
And shall we then bewayl this Lords decease,
As one we have not hope of? O! when I
Must pay the debt of Nature eke, and dye,
Let me with *Harrington* conclude my race,
And fall like an implete Rose-water-glasse,
That breaks with a perfume. —————

His practice here
Was not (as is imply'd before) at dear
And lamentable values, to possesse
A late experience; 'twas not up to dresse
Ethiops in Pearl and Purple; to disguise
Oppression Justice, Impudence to prize
High daring; or be puzzled with the looks
Of *Dalilah* or *Dinah*: these are books
Exteriorly how guilt? how neatly bound?
Yet loose and guilty. 'Twas not being gown'd,
And full of reverend Badges, to sell out
Yet by retale, what Office late he bought
By whole-sale; nor was it to put away
The Mistresse for the hand-maid, to betray
His calling to his pleasure: and what store
Of Gentry have we, aiming now no more
Here upon earth, than the *Leviathan*
Enjoys at Sea, and triflingly therein
To take their pastime? In a word, 'twas not
With wicked worldlings casting in his lot,
To feed impertinent Apes, luxurious Swine,
Or fawning Dotterels, that each designe
Of greatness sooth and second will; ay me!

How

The Belides.

How have I seen a sweet Rose-mary tree ,
 Drop'd with this wood-seer ; water-Lillies known ,
 While flourishing in Rivers highly flown ,
 Hung with these *Cod-wormes* , that if drought exhale
 The moisture falsely boggle off , and fall
 To new relations , keeping still the stream :
 But none of these , no such opprobrious beam
 Was in this Barons eye ; and where indeed
 A *Dathan* , or a *Dives* may be said
 To dye and dye the death , our *Harrington*
 But onely fell asleep , but rests upon
 His bed in safety ; then , I say , direct
 The blubber'd eyes so right , they not respect
 Save thine own prejudice , lamenting not ,
 Nay not so much , as slyly hinting ought
 Amisse concerning him , to weep a rill ,
 Or though a river thus , why yet they mill
 But lavishes his water , but mis-spends
 It at the floud-gates ; and then onely grinds ,
 If tears be seasonable , not flatter'd out
 In a preposterous manner , and about
 Irrequisites. —

Here widely to set ope
 A door of grief , as if the door of hope
 Were double-lock'd and barr'd : Why , but denote
 When after rain some curious flower-pot
 With Roses , Gelfomins , and sweet Brire ,
 Is animated , how it does inspire
 The circling roose ; or as a rich perfume ,
 In curles and eddies , issuing from the wombe
 Of some *Illustrious Censer* , does intrance
 And ravish all the near circumference

With

With fragrant Odors; so while here conversing,
 His soul was nobly (a) colleted, dispersing
 Such holy acts, that who but still reports,
 With what success he daily trod the Courts
 Of his Creator? Yet 'tis common now
 To meet there but as Doves, and Sparrows do.
 Who but with what success he could confine
 Civil respects how specious, to divine,
 To heavenly requisites? And hast thou found
 An object, though like *ops*, with turrets crown'd,
 Nay, rendring Citadels? if it becalm
 And slack the sail of goodness; 'tis a balm
 How seeming precious, yet that breaks the head,
 And bar it by and main; set nor thy bed,
 Thy Mammons bushel, nor thy *Dives* board
 Upon thy candle, what else in reward
 Save utter darkness? no, no, let me sway
 Thee to this pattern here; and who I say,
 Who but while others spent their time, may cite
 Our *Harrington* redeeming it? what Wight
 (How partial) to the most, and with the best,
 But must preferre him? call him touch and test?
 A web where *Pallas* left in warp in woof,
 Her rosie fingers; one that clove the hoot,
 That joyntly chew'd the cud, and being since
 So dear a rarity, was sooner hence
 Into the starry cabinet advanc'd
 Of heavenly jewels. —

a A meta-
 phor from
 the collet
 or bezel
 of a ring,
 which is
 that part
 of it, wher-
 in we set
 the stone.

Some indeed intranc'd
 With terrene objects, will forsooth conclude
 Of life by many years, by longitude,
 Nor aym profundity; they *Nestor* praise

C

And

The Belides.

And his three Ages; emulate the days .
 Of old *Meihuselah*: and this assise
 So highly valued, tacitly replies
 Upon our *Harrington*. But take thy will,
 Contract still with the Creature, bandy still
 For terrene complement; I, worlding, line
 Thy self with pulpe, with marrow, wash in wine,
 And freely jove it: yet when all is done,
 Or elevate this earth above the Sun,
 Or all beneath his vanity. Nay, keep
 In mind my premonition, when thy sleep
 Is broken at the smallest chirping bird;
 When once the (a) marrow, that same silver cord,
 Distemper'd is, and slacken'd; when the thin,
 The golden *pia mater* shrinks within
 Her ruinous skull, leaving it bare and voyd;
 The kidneys and the reins (as wheels imploy'd
 From *vena cavi's* Cisterne, to convey,
 To distribute her nutrimental whey)
 When they lye crack'd and comfortlesse: when these
 And other symptoms threaten stranguries,
 (b) *Iscuria's*, gouts; and all our terrene blisse,
 Like a fair *Jordan* to be swallow'd is
 By *mare mortuum*: then the tedious race
 Of many years, congested also has
 A sea of sin; then cautious *Solomon*
 Petition'd not extent of time, his boon
 Was wisdom only; then the sole dimension
 Imparadising us, is that intention
 And depth of life, religiousnesse, how long
 We bustle here awayles not; then his tongue
 Who keeps from ill, his lips from any guile,
 Does

a Ecclesi.
 ast. 12. 6.
 Paraphra-
 sed.

b Stopping
 of passa-
 ges in the
 bladder,

The Belides.

11

Does good, and follows peace, 'tis he the while
That loves to live partaking many days.
And since our *Harrington* indeavour'd these
With such integrity, let me be bold,
Though giving a nefarious life (how old)
But spans and inches, his to lengthen out
By miles and parasangs, as such no doubt
In depth and sanctity; to reckon his
A wedge of obryze gold, when *Lamech's* is,
How tediously continued, but a bar
Of garlick iron: then again infer,
That since not loosely tempted to deface,
To shrink and crumple up his terrene race
By wicked ways, nor slackned from his speed
By the voluptuous blooth of many a mead,
The warbling nightingales of many a frim,
Way-laying Queatch and Copps, but pressing home
Still toward the mark, still passing these, and all
Such other draw-backs, for the glorious goale,
The Crown exhibited, he now in heaven
Wears it for ever.——

And how grossly given
To leasings over, are the men who there
VWill situate (forsooth) a Bull, a Bear,
A Goat, a Scorpion, or a sort of grosse
And dirty (a) *Sucula*? when the morose
Orion, or *Calisto* hot, has spent
A sensual life, that to the firmament
VWill basely cry their little goodnesse up,
Rewarding it with stars? nay take the troop
Of all our *Ethnick* Sages, if we cite
Even *Aristides*, yet is he too light

a The *Hy-*
ades or 5.
stars in the
head of
Taurus, so
named,
because
foretoke-
ning soule
weather.

The Belides.

Upon the weights, and buy a sounding Brass,
A tinkling Cymball. Leave we then to pass
Such improprieties, reforming now

b A Crown
of Stars,
given her
by teachers
& patro-
nymically
so named
from

Gnosfos,
the chief
City of
Crete.

c A confi-
guration
of fixed
Stars.

d Some
will moral
him for
Wisdom,
& there-
fore in
such grace
with Ju-
piter.

The (b) *Gnosfian* Crown, from *Ariadnes* brow,
To high and holy *Hesters*; Let us call
Medusa's head, *Goliath's*; and withall
The *Persens* weilding it, a *David*; Grant
Alcides (c) *Asterisme* to *Sampson*; Plant
The Virgin-mother, in that glorious chair
Of *Cassiopeia*; *Berenices* hair,
Change into that which wip'd our Saviours feet,
To *Mary Maudlins*: Nay, that exquisite,
So vaunted (d) *Ganymed* for highly wise,
Since yet a faithless *Ethnick* like to these,
And wanting the main principle, dis sever
From his fair constellation, and for ever
Hereafter call it *Harrington*. Our sphear
Should rather onely *Christian* be, should wear
But sanctifi'd inscriptions, relish but
Such *Harbingers*, as write the names without
Of such as lodge within it; and for one,
That likewise of *Illustrious Harrington*.

Nor does it hinder his beatitude,
Though now asunder taken, and unskrew'd
Some little time, 'tis onely to be drest,
But to be polish'd more: and thus in quest
Of convenable trim and ornament,
True Lovers often part, with smarter hint
And ritual celebration to bestead
Their after-nuptials. I, we justly plead
His cross, his crown; his terrene dissipation
His endless comfort, even the generation

Of

The Belides.

13

Of glorious habitudes. For lo, there is
A right-hand path, (the feet of truth and peace
Are daily measuring it;) there is, I say,
A path unparallel'd, a right-hand way,
(The sumptuous allies * *Pseudo-Bastian* made
Of gold and silver filings, were but lead
To this and meerly refuse;) such a blest
Ascent there is, incomparably drest
With radiant spangs, with many a glorious Ouch
Engraven and figur'd sumptuously, by which
We climbe our endless comfort: To the wight
Incorrigibly vicious, 'tis as straight,
As much extenuated, as needles eyes
To cables, nay, to Camells; to the wise
As Serpents are, and innocent as Doves,
So vast again, of such extention proves,
They travel up in triumph: thus we read
Both *Enoch* and *Elijah* likewise did.
And that coelestial Radience, so by some
Held a *Mosaick* work of many dimme
And little stars, by some again decreed
A *Galaxia*, dapled thus and dyed,
When pettish *Juno* suckling *Hercules*
Bespilt her milk; yet some opposing these,
Name *Le Chemin St. Jaques*, call the track
Saint *James* ascended by. And now to crack
This into kernel, when our *Harrington*
Was re-demanded; when his soul, that shone
Like a sweet *Virgin-taper*, gather'd was
From out the precious socket; thus, ô thus!
By this same right-hand passage, in the spur
Of some spiritual Chariot, *Aethon* far

* *Heliogabalus*.

And

The Belides.

And curl'd *Eous* leaving far beneath,
To breed and burnish with their teeming breath
Our summer dresses; mounting thus, I say,
The highest story of this radiant way,
This right-hand path; it there with relaxation
From earthly toyl, injoys an inchoation
Of immarcesible, so glorious bliss,
As even the most elaborate *Romances*
Decipher not. —

a A Cave
in *Somer-*
setshire,
out of
which is-
sues such
a stream
as not far
from it
drives a
Mill.
b A medi-
cinable
earth found
in *Lemnos*,
and also a-
bout *Bleis*.
c A white
and glewie
kind of
earth good
against
poyson.
d Snail-like
windings.
e The mili-
tary word
for cut-
ting on, or
undermi-
ning, from
sapper
François.

His other reliques born
When to the grave, fell also blest, like corn
Into good ground; nor such as when they dyed
Shall rise again, but even a purified,
A sublimated structure, and for ever
Immutable. As when a precious River
From weaving motly to the meads, and wreaths
For the sweet *Naiades*, his body sheaths
Within some cave, some (a) *Ookey*, groping thus
By subterranean and caliginous
Meanders many a furlong; as the while
Since washing and transpeircing many a pile
Of (b) *terra sigillata*, *Samian* (c) clay,
In (d) *Limacons* and Mazes, eating way
Through several hidden Minerals, and veins
Of precious med'cinable Ore, attains
By this contact greater value, thence
Evades again of far more excellence:
Or look how sweet *Alpheüs*, having bred
Innumerable Olives, hides his holy head
Within the ground, and as coelestial bliss
Were got by (e) sapping, sadly buried is
In hollow grotts and caves for many a mile,
Till, as the crown of his so tedious toyle,

By

The Belides.

15

By that *olympus*, whose æthereal top
Is sung the gate of heaven, he flourish up
And chearly rise again: lo, thus refin'd,
Thus happy shall his reliques open rend
The grisly grave. O Death! where is thy sting?
Where, Hell, thy victory? —

Nay still to wing

His exaltation, at the general Doome,
When these two moy'ties must again become
Consolidate, be made a pile entire,
The body so diaphanously clear,
That his refulgent-soul shall radiat through
A brisker glory than the Sun can marrow
When at his highest. But I must forbear
These arduous scrutinies: the depths I here
So rashly rush into, are far beyond
All terrene plumits; 'twill enough abound
In sober generals, to say, his blifs
Shall then be perfect, then his crown possess
Delices without crosses, joys still green,
Still mellow, such as neither eye hath seen,
Nor heart conceives. The Jugler *Mahomet*
Does (among other fopperies) collate
A kind (forsooth) of tuture Lubber-land
Upon his zelots, ~~then~~ a catching kind
Of fleshy blifs, ~~that~~ where our terrene parts
Must have their circular, their second arts
To flourish by; their winter to devoure,
Dissolve, digest, our Summers furniture,
To kern, to sow it, till from hence succeeds
Another spring: Yet in this place there needs
No winters help, and trees are always clad

With

a A Country South-East from Mexico, & so beautiful, that the Spaniards call it Mahomet's Paradise.

With fruit both ripe, and green, and in the bud,
And likewise in the blooth. He dreams, I say,

But of some carnal (a) *Nicaragua*,
Had after death; nay by that chip of old
Poëtick *Virgil*, the so high extoll'd
Hesperian Orchard, has he hewen him out
A sensual heaven; in which (forsooth) no doubt,
But virtuous men sit upon Carpets rich,
And under trees of massie gold, with much
Intention court their *PARAMOURS*. Alas!

How *Scarab* like, and in a silly place,
Does this impostor fly? how seek to win
But sense and titillation; things wherein
Ignobler creatures, even the Hawke, the Hound,
Nay, very vermin, oftentimes are found
To have precedency? Well, miscreant,
Let *Grill* continue *Grill*, let him content
Himself with draff and offal; yet for us
We hope a glory consentaneous
To spiritual bodies; such as we may rather
Possess in future, then in present either
Relate, or in our narrow hearts conceive.

Yet humbly (as before) again to drive
A blis so heap'd, and shook, and running or'e
Still further home; when time shall be no more
The several elements with fervent heat,
When once dissolv'd; with noise and terror great,
When heaven is past away, and he that here
Was so malignly peirc'd, shall appeare
Among innumerable Angels; when the last
Impetuous braying trump, has open cast
All graves, and sepulchres; asunder wring

Each

Each sheet of Lead, supplanted every clung,
And iron sleep; when lo, the great Assize,
The final endless doom, that multiplies
So many wonders, once is consummate;
And God has burnt the cockle, brought the wheat
Into his Grainer; then our Baron here;
Shall as the firmament be shiny cleere;
Nay, brighter far: then locally remaining,
Among the many holy thousands reigning
In Paradise; he shall enjoy the great,
The real, endless Sabbath. Then impleat
With sacred raptures, he shall cheerly bring
Immortal lauds, a Free-will offering
To his Creator: relish that Elysian,
Incomprehensive, beatifick vision,
Even of our God himself. But here the gaze
At such a glory does so much amaze,
Oppress, annihilate my feeble spright,
That I desist; or else again what wight,
So poorly stupid, but, with *Peter*, here
Would seek to stay, and tabernacles reare:

D

Another



Another.

Returning
from the
Princess
Palatine
at Heidel-
berg, he
died at
Wormes.

TO Worms, alas! the Father being gon,
Alas! too soon was followed by the Son.
The Son, a Sun of beauty, light and heat,
Without eclipse; a Sun that shines though set;
The liberal Arts that for his *Daphne* held,
And Laureat Valued was; a Sun so feld,
That in his beams nor wanton flie, nor moat
Might idely dally; one that could not doat
Upon a ruffling *Phaeton*, or leave
His kindly warmth, combustion to receive
With any furious Dog-star. If to vary
The Metaphor, more efficacy carry;
Ile else compare him to the *Plane* of old
That *Xerxes* hung with Rings, and chains of Gold.
Call him a Tree that never did betray
His Arms to night-Raven, Kite, or bird of prey.
Ile say, He was as fruitful, fair and good,
As any other plant within the Wood:
And, this Inscription to his Tombe advise,
He happy grew, fell happy, happy lies.

FINIS.